And kneele sweete boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduise
Mortall reuenge vpon these trayterous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproch.
Titus. Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt these Beare whelpes then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back.
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde,
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then, boy what say you?
Puer I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Marc. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.
Puer. And Vnckle so will I, and if I liue.
Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thoult do thy message, wilt thou not?
Puer. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsir.
Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court.

I marry will we sir, and weele
Marc. O heauens! can you h
And not relent, or not compassi
Marcus attend him in his extas
That hath more scars of sorrow
Then foe-mens markes vpon h
But yet so iust, that he will not
Reuenge the heauens for old *A*

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetri
dore young Lucius and ano
weapons, and verses

Chiron. Demetrius heeres the
He hath some message to deliu
Aron. I some mad message fro
Puer. My Lords, with all the
I greete your honours from *A*
And pray the Romane Gods co
Deme. Gramercie louely *Lu*
Puer. That you are both decip
For villaines markt with rape.
My Grandsier well aduisde hath
The goodliest weapons of his A
To gratifie your honourable y
The hope of Rome, for so he ba
And so I do, and with his gifts p
Your Lordships, when euer you
You may be armed and appointe
And so I leaue you both: like b
Deme. What's heere? a scrol
Let's see,
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non
Chiron. O tis a verse in *Horace*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g